the Saga
1 9 5 6

Presenting

the Bloomfield College Saga

for 1956

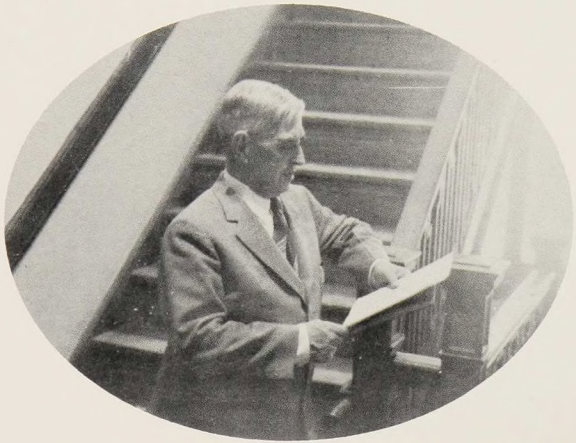
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Foreword

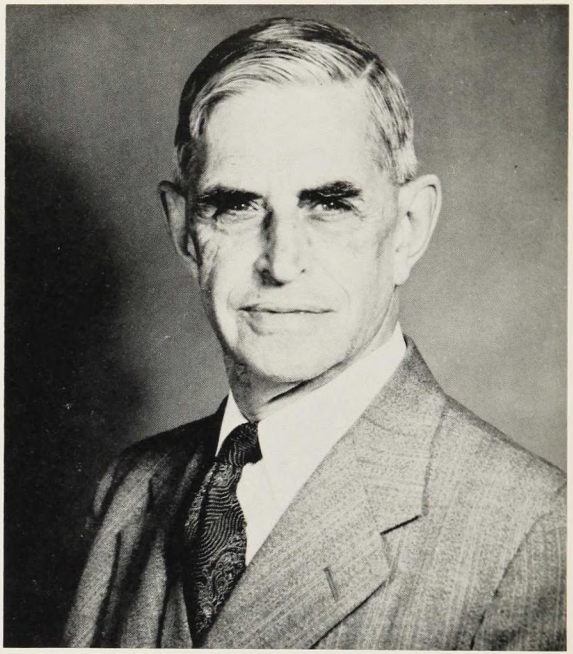
We have chosen to begin our particular Saga with a photograph of the entrance to Richards Hall because, as the excavation for the new building deepens, we become increasingly sentimental about our old library. Students in the next few years won't have to contend with the cellar collection and the attic collection, but, still, we're a little bit sorry for them. They won't know the intimacy of the second floor rooms, the luxury of the fireplaces. We've grown fond of the library's high ceilings, and accustomed to its cracked plaster. If the architecture of the building has detracted somewhat from the efficient functioning of the library, we've never been completely convinced that efficiency was much of a virtue.

But, of course, we're glad to see the new building rise. It's symbolic of Bloomfield's vigor. A vigor that we've seen manifested in our president, our dean, their staffs, and our faculty. Now the community may see, may know that Bloomfield is alive and growing. So, adieu tristesse! We've almost seen the last of our library as such. We'll look to the new one. On the next few pages we'll record its growth, in so far as we are able, and capture some of our best moments here at Bloomfield.

To Dr. Winfield H. Stone we lovingly



dedicate the Saga for 1956.



We haven't the ability to catalogue the many qualities which have endeared Dr. Stone to us. We feel sure that he would not appreciate our attempt to do so. But we know that for four years now Dr. Stone has been for us the prototype of a Christian gentleman. He is what we would like to be. If we achieve what we aspire to in our prayers, we shall serve our community and our God, we shall be gentle with our fellow men, we shall be honest with ourselves: all after his example.

Peacock Alley

RUTH GAGE

Our Gal Friday! Ruth is for us what makes Bloomfield co-ed. She is a distinct part of what makes Bloomfield nice. Her smile and laugh have never failed her, even when writing the checks that paid the bills we ran up in compiling this Saga. We think you'll agree that anyone who can smile and laugh through all the headaches of a Business Manager must be pretty terrific. And that's our Ruth: pretty terrific.

Her fellow editors wish to take this opportunity to say, "Thank you." And, Ruth, are you absolutely sure you've paid all the bills?

PAUL FERENCZY

Among the little tasks that Paul performs in and about Bloomfield, is that of occasionally tossing off a sermon in Hungarian. He alone, among the students, embodies and continues the Hungarian tradition at Bloomfield. He does it proud.

Paul has served us well, too, in his capacity as one of the class wits. He's always laughing. If it's good clean fun you're after, Paul's your boy.

In the accompanying photograph, you may notice one or two girls. This is not a typical pose since Paul never, ever has anything to do with female types.

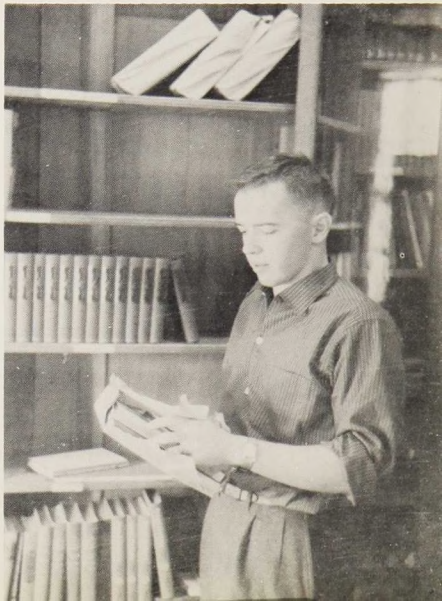
JAMES COBB

Jim's constant companions, for as long as any of us can remember, have been Ruth Gage and Randolph Bourne. Of the two, we much prefer Ruth. Bourne is, after all, dead and Ruth is very much alive.

Jim is undoubtedly the class classicist. American history absorbs him, too. A searching intelligence such as Jim's will enhance the nation's ministry. A nation served by an intelligent ministry will surely continue and enrich that history of which Jim is so fond.

DONALD MILLOY

Don is well known in many ways around Bloomfield College. He is noted for his friendliness and eagerness to help anyone in any way possible. He is noted for his ability to take on a job and carry it through to a successful end. But above all, Don is known for his ability to decorate a dance. Few dances in Bloomfield College history can compare with the lavish, professional type decorating that Don has been responsible for.



STANLEY O'LOUGHLIN

Stanley's career here at Bloomfield has been one of service. He's served on more councils, committees, and boards than you can shake a stick at. He's served a stretch in the refectory and library, too.

Seriously, Stan is one of the most hard working, determined young men it has been our privilege to know. We're sure that his service in the ministry will be both long and fruitful.

ROBERT ZABRISKIE

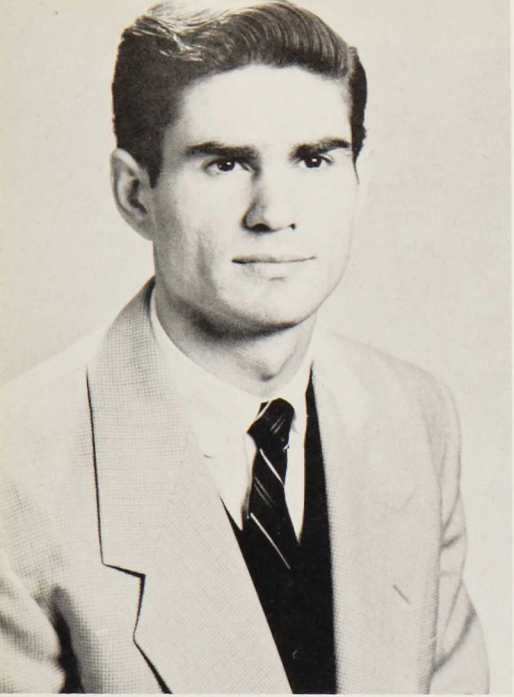
A dog biscuit for "Sea Biscuit". The young man in the Dean's dog house bein' fed by the Texas gal is our friend Zabadowski. Bob came to us from a local college which shall remain nameless. If there were one more syllable in his name, he would have to remain nameless, too. At least so far as the Saga editors are concerned.

But, serially, in the time that Bob has been here at Bloomingfeld (we're only a little confused), we've grown to think of him as one of our own and are willing to forget that he came from that place, that awful place.

JOHN JACKLIN

Jacklin! The very name strikes terror into the heart of the American Historical Society. Morison will play with boats in his bath tub and Nevins will write for The American Girl when Jacklin's "Definitive Account of the First Naval Encounter of the Russo-Japanese War: Being a Detailed Study of the Boarding of a Japanese Breeches-buoy by Georgie Gobel, a Corpulent White Russian in the Service of the Tsar, with bibliography and maps" is published.

Jack indisputably qualifies as the class humorist. As some people seem to be accident prone, Jack is funny situation prone and has - how shall we put it? - a gift for hyperbole. He qualifies, too, as the guy seen most often on the 20 bus. Bobby rides it, too.

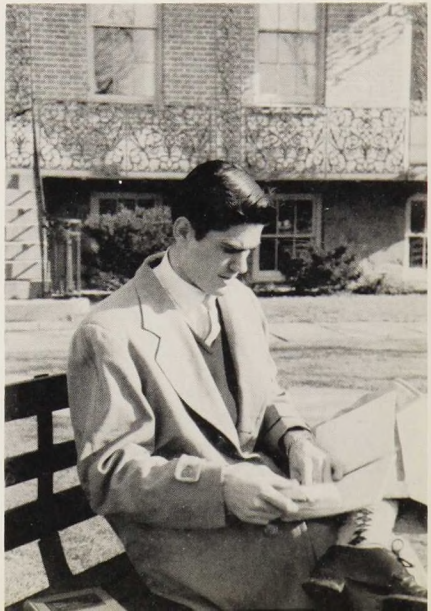


PETER SALERNO

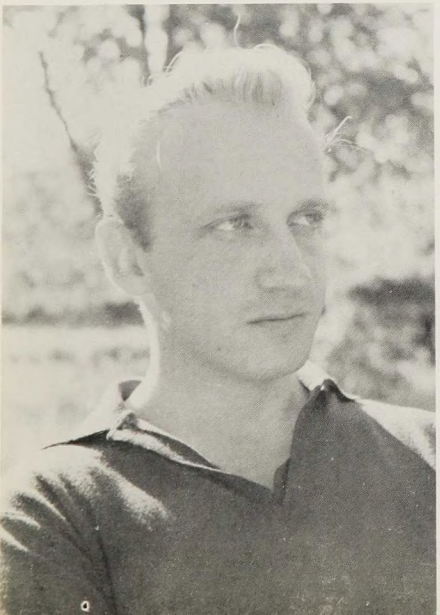
The East had its Suleiman, the West has its Salerno. But Suleiman was only magnificent, Peter is something more: a tower of integrity among us and, somehow, our friend.

Whatever Pietro did, he did with all his heart. That "whatever" includes having a forty-hour-a-week job, being a scoutmaster and teaching sunday school. In odd moments he straightened out the Saga editor (the photography in this enterprise is Pete's), and wrestled an infinite number of Greek verbs.

Petey was a champion when he came to us. To us he'll always be "the biggest and the best."



DONALD MAC FARLANE



The young man with the dishevelled and distracted look. An heretical writer of editorials, an espouser of causes. Pete's buddy.

JOSEPH VENTURA

"Lefty" to his friends and he ain't got no enemies. To know him is to like him and like him a lot. He's our star athlete: captain of the baseball team and pitcher par excellence.

Wherever Lefty goes, whatever he does, he's sure to have friends - and to spare. We count ourselves fortunate that for a few years, here at Bloomfield, we were among them.

The Seniors on the Grass. Alas! Alas! But They're Nobody's Pigeons.

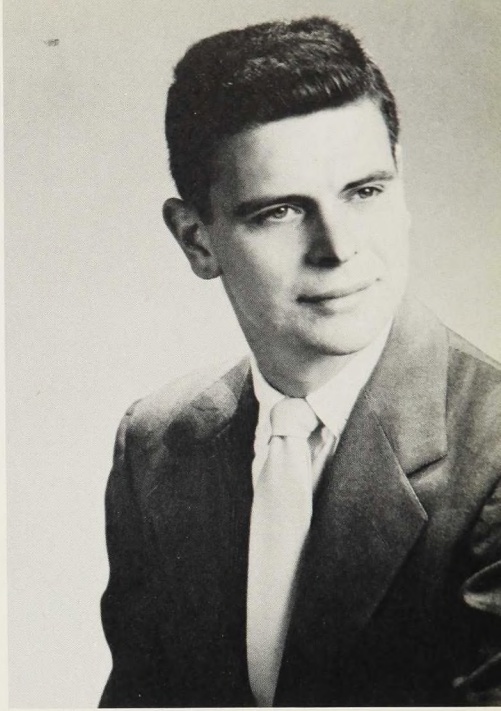
See Naples and die! See Lefty and rest! This hiatus in the path down Peacock Alley is brought to you through the courtesy of the little crowd arranged on either side. Like the ancient Greeks, they believe in moderation and are a little afraid that all this physical attractiveness may cloy a bit. So relax. Light up a whatever-brand-it-is and listen to the "Red River Valley Mambo". It's a psychological fact - pleasure is good for you.

Then, when you've rested, flip the page and continue your stroll. The birds are waiting. There, on the left! That's Bill Leport, and the one on the right is Bob Hughes. And, there, further down on the path all those others. One more handsome than the other.

WILLIAM LEPORT

The East Coast's answer to A. P. Giannini. When Bill's biography "From Riches to More Riches" is published; thename of Horatio Alger will be erased from the memory of the American people. It is true that the Ford Foundation has more money than he does, but only a little bit more.

Bill headed this year's dance committee and is largely responsible for the success of the B.C.S.A. dances. Among other little chores, he balanced - or juggled - the Dikovics House books. German occupied his leisure hours. Whatever he does, wherever he goes, Bill will always remain for us one of the nicest multi-millionaires we have known.



ROBERT HUGHES

"Let's have a Vets' club?" In every group there is an organizer - sometimes called a racketeer. In our class that's Bob. Oh, he's not a racketeer. He's the organizer. Everything from class parties, hay rides, and thinly disguised fraternities to job-hunting excursions to the shore - with short "breaks" for refreshment at Asbury.

How he manages all his enthusiasm after a tour of duty in the army and another at Bloomfield, we don't rightly know. But enthusiasm and good humour he has a-plenty.

RONALD BOEHM

Il presidente! Rich Ronald Boehm of North Arlington, Manasquan, and the Central Plaza. Known among young suburbanites for his taste in clothes, cars and wimmin, Signor Boehm capped a distinguished career in the Business Administration department by being swept into the presidency of the B.C.S.A. and by passing Religion 3-4. Ronald, however, enjoyed New Testament and might often be heard saying, "I take great pride in the appearance of my religion notebook and do my assignments both diligently and well." He has been heard to say, too, "A rousing good time at the Osprey tonight, fellows, and it's only an hour on the Parkway!"

GRACE PLATER

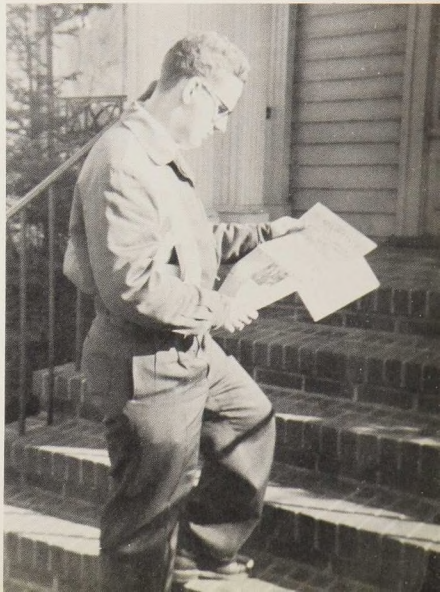
Mrs. Plater - la Gioconda - always smiling, always waiting for her ship - and her man - to come in.

If we had run a contest among the senior class for the best this, or the most that; Mrs. Plater would have walked off with honors for her charm, her serenity, her poise. Her sound advice and good judgement have always been at the disposal of her classmates. And were always helpful.

Not the least memorable of Mrs. Plater's contributions to Bloomfield student life was the very beautiful chapel service she brought to us, inspired by the songs of her people.

CHRISTIAN TIRRE

During our freshman year, we jokingly gave Chris a tambourine. We wrote on it, "We're not dishing out applesauce, we're planting apple trees." In retrospect our little joke seems to have been particularly prophetic. The symbolism of the apple tree particularly apt. "For the tree is known by its fruit." The fruit of Chris's efforts has been apparent throughout our years at Bloomfield. He served with distinction as president of our class and intrepidly as editor of the Minuteman. He headed a dozen or so committees and gave of himself tirelessly to a good dozen more. Whatever was to be done, Chris might be counted on to do it.



ALAN CHAVES

Mr. Variety Show. Each year for as long as most of us can remember, Red Chaves has sparked the B.C.S.A. variety show. His jokes, his pantomime, and, especially, his exuberant personality have made that show the highlight of the school year that it is.

Red hung 'round Bloomfield an extra little while just to graduate with us, which goes to show how much he thinks of us. The feeling's mutual, Red.

RICHARD MAIER

We can't all have lavender cadillac convertibles, all the women in the world, and Florida vacations every year, but what we, the editors, would like to respectfully ask is, "How come Whitey gets them all?" We would settle for the "caddy", or an old flame, or a quick trip to South Amboy.

Still, as long as all this good luck has to fall to someone other than ourselves, we can't imagine a nicer guy than Whitey to come by it. Well mannered, soft spoken, and with a boyish charm that is at once apparent to all who know him, Whitey has endeared himself to faculty and school chums alike. Is that all right, Whitey? Is that what you said we should say?

And so we end our stroll through Peacock Alley. Delightful birds! We'll advance and let them return to their preening and pecking. We've other fish to fry - and so have they, if birds fry fish. Let's step around the quadrangle. Don't trip over the bulldozer. Careful of the mud. There, that's it. Now, on to the ground breaking. It's straight ahead.

Ground Breaking 1955

Begin with Prayer

then . . . .

Dig, Brother, Dig!

Scenes from the Ground Breaking Ceremonies

Opposite: the hole

Shall We Dance?

Shall we all be together with our arms
around each other? Shall we dance? Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?*

*words from a song that Gertrude Lawrence used to sing.

Dance Committee for 1955-56

William Leport, Chairman
Vivian Abercrombie
Victor Gonzalez
Carol Snyder

Opposite: Sitting it out

"Bunny" Campbell and unidentified friend share a joke.

Oh, it's just grand being here!

Carol Snyder and
Bob Hughes

"Whitey" Maier and
unidentified femme
fatale

Mr. and Mrs.
William Dittler
of Bloomfield
and Californee

GENTLE READER,

In a past too remote to remember clearly, we, the senior class, underwent a degrading and deeply humiliating experience. The felons, cut-throats, slit-purses, and ne'er-do-wells who perpetrated the AFFAIRE styled it: initiation. At the time we weren't at all sure of what it was into which we were being initiated. An upper classman, a pompous fool, loftily explained something of a philosophy and the Great Bloomfield Fraternity. We weren't buying it.

Treading our intellectual and aesthetic way through the years, we have discovered the importance of continuing tradition. So we permit the thing to take place for much the same reason that the Roman gentry dispensed their bread and circuses. It distracts and fills the crowd and, in particular, that seamy segment of underlings: the sophomore class. They carry the thing out.

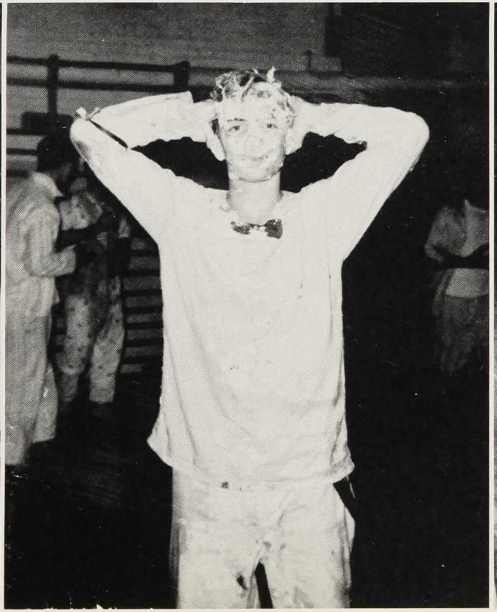
But lacking our sensitivity-we would have indulged an exquisite taste with antique Chinese or Aztec tortures-they have gone about it roughshod, in a particularly blunt and obtuse fashion. The next pages are-how shall we put it-disgusting. They are filled with grisly evidence of nasty acts. Forbear to peruse them, Gentle Reader.

The Senior Class

"Now, why didn't I stay in Texas?"

Mlle. Abercrombie demands the respect due a lady of the upper classes.

FSO



Well, that's initiation.

Let's turn to brighter things:

The choir rehearsing,

Or election. . .

Election Day . . . 1955

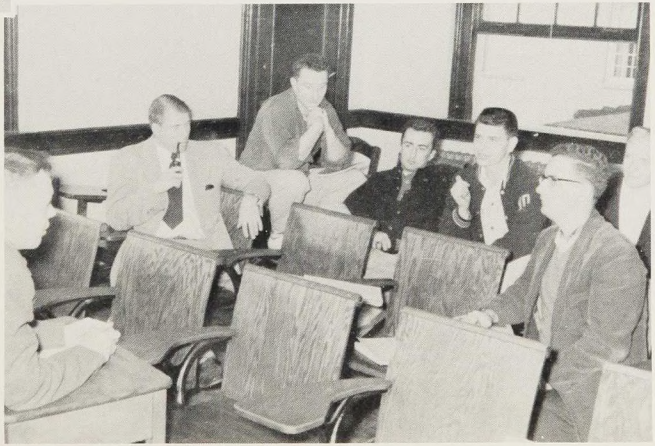
THE OUT-GOING OFFICERS:

Dick Coonradt . . . . . President
Bill Oglesby . . . . . Treasurer
Ruth Gage . . . . . Secretary
Joe Caputo . . . . . Vice president

THE CANDIDATES:

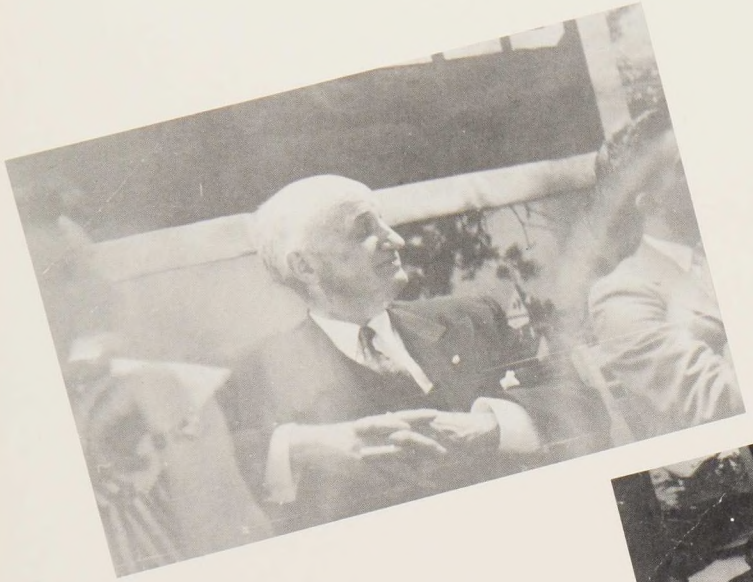
Frank Manhart
Viv Abercrombie
Dolly Macaulay
Bill Dittler
Ron Boehm
Stan O'Loughlin

Election '55

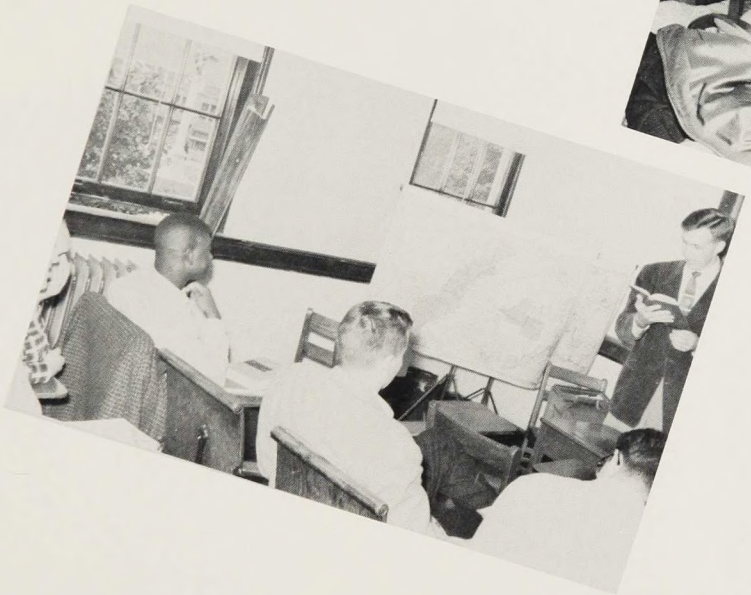


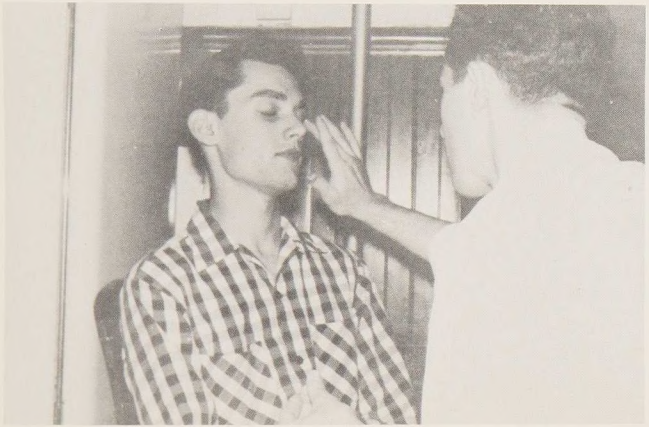
On Campus

The Athletic Banquet
Spring 1955



The Serious Side





A rivederci, Bloomfield

It's evening now. Evening of a graduation day of an unspecified year. We would like to think of it as 1956, but long experience has taught us not to count our academic chickens. Some of them may require a semester or so more of incubation, some of them were never fertilized. But none-the-less it's graduation day and typical of graduation days all across this vast country of ours, this America. The faculty have been burned in effigy, the suicides trundled off. Nothing now but the occasional muffled sob of some hysterical next-of-kin.

Jim Cobb gave the valedictory address: "Ten Aspects of Randolph Bourne Every Child Should Know." For the faculty, Shaffer Truax read from his forthcoming book "Leave Their Souls to Heaven, But Their Psyches Belong to Me". Music-wise, Mrs. Plater sang "Let My People Go" to the accompaniment of thirty ocarinas played by Bloomfield High School girls unaccountably dressed in black. A group of people with placards reading: "Congratulations, Petey Boy, from Little Nick and all the folks on Sherman Ave." did a tarantella.

It's evening now and quiet. Ah, quiet! But who will ever forget the day? Who could fail to remember the look of calm assurance with which Jack Jacklin received his diploma, or the pride in Bobby's eye as she carried him to the platform. And who will forget Zabriskie as, diploma in hand, he bowed to the crowd and said, "La plume de ma tante est dans le jardin de mon oncle."

How poignant was the moment when Bob Hughes played taps for the overcut in chapel. How touching Pete's screams as the chapel committee, hooded and cloaked, dragged him from the dais. Later, when the tarantella was struck up again; the chapel committee, still hooded and cloaked, was found dangling in the shadowed rear of good old Knox Hall. Well, honi soit anyways.

A tidy sum was turned by Stan O'Loughlin and Don Milloy. Made their first semester's tuition at seminary. Got as much as $3.60 for seats down front at the graduation. Now there's enterprise for you! The administration was, however, ever so slightly annoyed to discover that the programs had been altered to read: "Bloomfield Graduation - 50 Beautiful Girls 50 -

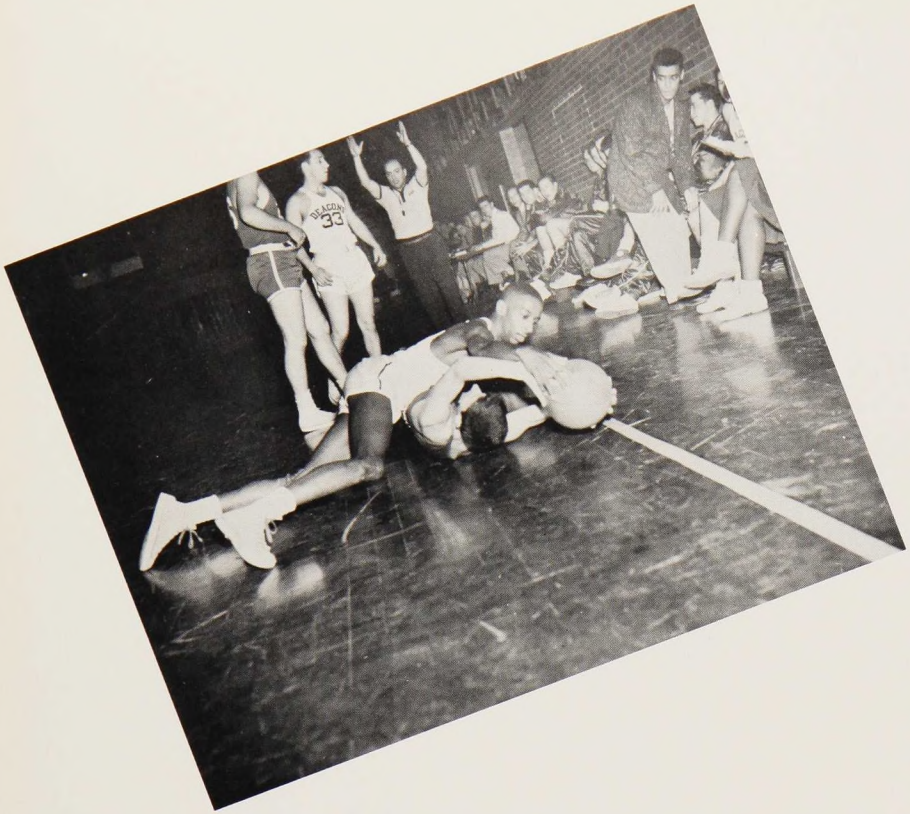
Red Chaves did a take-off on Dr. Schweitzer that was an absolute howl, everybody just screamed, had them rolling in the aisles. Sad about Red. The way his records got lost. But don't you fret about it, fella. Four years will go by just like that.

Kind of sad about Ruth Gage, too, But she'll be all right. Just a nervous collapse. Trying to be fifty beautiful girls all at once was just too much. Twenty five she might have managed. But I don't think those boys ever should have asked her. There must be other ways to get that tuition.

And what about Bill Leport raffling off a B.S. in Business Administration, and Ron Boehm winning it? Is that the Bloomfield way, fellows?

Well, it's quiet now. Bloomfield's campus is shadowed over, its windows lit. Out on Broad Street there's a roar of traffic heading home. But on the campus only quiet. A rivederci, Bloomfield. God bless you.

While the new library becomes something more than a dream, Mrs. Hersey chases the bogies that lurk in the closets, the attics, and hidden staircases of the old one.



SPORTS . . .

Whom

did we beat?

Why,

Montclair,

of course!

Baseball Team

EIGHTY-SECOND COMMENCEMENT

BLOOMFIELD COLLEGE and SEMINARY
ἵνα ὁ κόσμος πιστεύσῃ

THE BLOOMFIELD COLLEGE

MINUTEMAN

Published For and By the Students of Bloomfield College

Vol. 9 No. 1 0 BLOOMFIELD COLLEGE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1956

Yearbook Dedicated To Dr. Stone

At a special chapel service held Monday morning, May 22, the 1956 Saga was dedicated to Dr. Winfield H. Stone. The dedication read by Don MacFarlane was as follows:

"To Dr. Winfield H. Stone we lovingly dedicate the 1956 Saga. We cannot begin to catalogue the qualities which have endeared Dr. Stone to us. We feel sure that he would not appreciate our attempt to do so. We do know, however, that for four years now Dr. Stone has been for us the prototype of a Christian gentleman. If we achieve what we aspire to in our prayers, we shall serve our community and our God, we shall be gentle with our fellow men, we shall be honest with ourselves: all after his example."

The dedication is an annual event to honor the member of the faculty whom the senior class feels has most greatly enriched its college experience. Dr. Stone is professor of mathematics and has been with the college for nine years. In addition he is treasurer of his church and has held that office for twenty-five years. He also sings with the church choir, as he has said, "when necessity demands."

Since the yearbook has not yet been published, Dr. Stone was presented with an insert page bearing the signatures of the senior class and was promised that one would be forwarded to him as soon as it was available.

Dr. Winfield Ston

FAREWELL

The Minuteman would like to bid farewell to those professors who will be leaving Bloomfield this year. We hope that you have enjoyed your stay here and have gotten something out of your association with the institution. The best of success in your future endeavors.

On Tuesday, May 22, the following students were installed as the officers of the 1956-57 Bloomfield College Student Association.

Order of Service

Prelude

"Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor....

Processional

"Trumpet Tune and Air".....

Hymn No. 461

"We Praise Thee O God, Our Re

Invocation

The Reverend Walter L.
President of the Bo
Pastor of Roseville Pr
Newark, New

Scripture—Psalm 33:1-12

The Reverend George
Pastor, First Presbyter
Bloomfield, New J

Prayer

The Reverend Robert Mc
Pastor, First Presbyterian
Roselle, New Jersey

College Choir

"O God Our Help in Ages Past".....

Address—"The American Heritage"

The Reverend Joseph MacCart
National Chaplain, The American Le
Stated Clerk, The Synod of New Jers
Pastor, The First Presbyterian Church of

College Choir

"Bloomfield, My Pride".....Ernst Dere

Conferring of Degrees

The Reverend Walter L. Whallon, D.D., LL
Assisted by the Reverend Frederick Schweitzer, D.D., Acting Dean
and Ralph N. Calkins, M.A., Dean of the College

The Board of Directors, the Faculties
and the
Graduating Classes
of the
Bloomfield College and Seminary
request the honor of your presence at the
Graduation Exercises
of the
Eighty-second Annual Commencement
to be held
Friday, June the first
Nineteen hundred fifty-six
Eight P. M.
in the
First Presbyterian Church
Bloomfield, New Jersey

ebris, Alma Mater

Words by A. W. Fismer, Class '83
Music by W. A. Berger, Class '01

ebris, Alma Mater
the Rock Eternal
ck of living water,
the Light supernal
ing
sing
we see the light,

Lux in tenebris, Alma Mater
May thy light be never dimmed
Watch thou therefore Zion's daughter
Keep thy lamp well oiled and trimmed,
While light giving
Light receiving
From the Fountain-head of light,

Chorus: Lux in tenebris, Alma Mater
Lux in tenebris, luce

es

erend Frederick Schweitzer, D.D., President

".....Purday

ident Frederick Schweitzer, D.D.

.....Vierne

e Degree of Bachelor of Divinity

d Scudder Edwards
Russell Peers
Clayton Welch, Jr.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts

rd Austin, Jr.
m Chaves
Cobb, *cum laude*
h Gage
hes
rlane, *cum laude*
Milloy
'Loughlin
e, III

e for the Degree of Bachelor of Science

Richard Herbert Maier
Stephen Dominic Marzano
Grace B. Plater
Bernard Morris Simon
Joseph Vincent Ventura

This and the photos on the next few pages are of Class Day exercises. Here, Don Milloy, Senior Class President, presents Dr. Schweitzer with the class promise of a painting of General Bloomfield which, when finished, will be hung in the new library.

Grace Plater, Prophetess who, contrary to tradition, is highly honored in her own country speculates with the aid of a crystal ball on what is and what is about to be in the future. Lavish and generous in her prophecies, Grace set us all up nicely, doing more or less what we would like to do, and expected more from us than we are likely to produce.

The haggard young man above is attempting a history of disenchantment and faith. He is what passed for a valedictorian. His speech was dictated by a special circumstance and his belief that it is part of the function of youth to be rebellious. He is almost no longer young.

Mrs. Bodden remarked to him afterwards that if it hadn't been for that special circumstance, he would have had very little to say.

Although he has never known Mrs. Bodden to have been wrong ever before, she was not, then, perfectly correct. He would have had nothing to say.

Chris Tirre presents the class history.

Mr. Truax, back to the fore, receives a gift from the class president for his efforts as class advisor.

Dick Szeremany receives from Grace Plater as many white elephants as he can conveniently handle: three all told. Dick, I beg your pardon, Mr. Szeremany is one of the most indefatigable members of the faculty. His efforts to improve us musically have been szeremanian (this is a word we've cutely coined because herculean seemed not quite to fill the bill). He's inspired the choir and moved it to perform all over the local landscape. The congregations and women's clubs which are the better for it having been there are without number. But we are certainly the better for Mr. Szeremany being here - and, if nothing else, we are numerable.

La Plus c'est la meme chose, la plus c'est la meme chose

Although 'till now they seemed like so many proud and independent peacocks, with now and again a peahen, moving about among the paths and porches of Bloomfield; the morning of Graduation Day found the Senior Class similar only to ducks, shot sitting in a shooting gallery. Deficiencies in their academic and religious lives had done for some. The others huddled, fearing to be uncovered. For a light, cold and clear, would, they felt sure, find them all similarly deficient. If not in the administrative eye, in their own. But the day grew darkly on.

And some were graduated. In the evening they filed into "Old First", tassels to port and starboard, and seated themselves heavily to await their moment. It had been rumored all day that the New Yorker's cliché expert, Dr. Arbuthnot would make the address of the evening. If he had been scheduled, he apparently couldn't make it. But his replacement filled in very nicely. It wasn't long until we learned that we were, "part and parcel of the warp and woof." Of what, we are still uncertain. Still, this reference was in a way prophetic, and that is undoubtedly the desideratum of graduation addresses, for at least, one of the graduates was shortly afterwards interviewed for a job in New York's garment district. Of course, he didn't get it. Even so, it seems somehow prophetic.

For the rest, it came off. Prizes were awarded, hymns were sung, speeches were made, and hands were shaken.

There: Graduation Day. And only the vaguest similarity to the song of the same name. But we'll remember always.

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Farewell

The officers and faculty of Bloomfield College take distinct pride in sending forth into the world a graduating class with the attainments and the promise of the class of 1956.

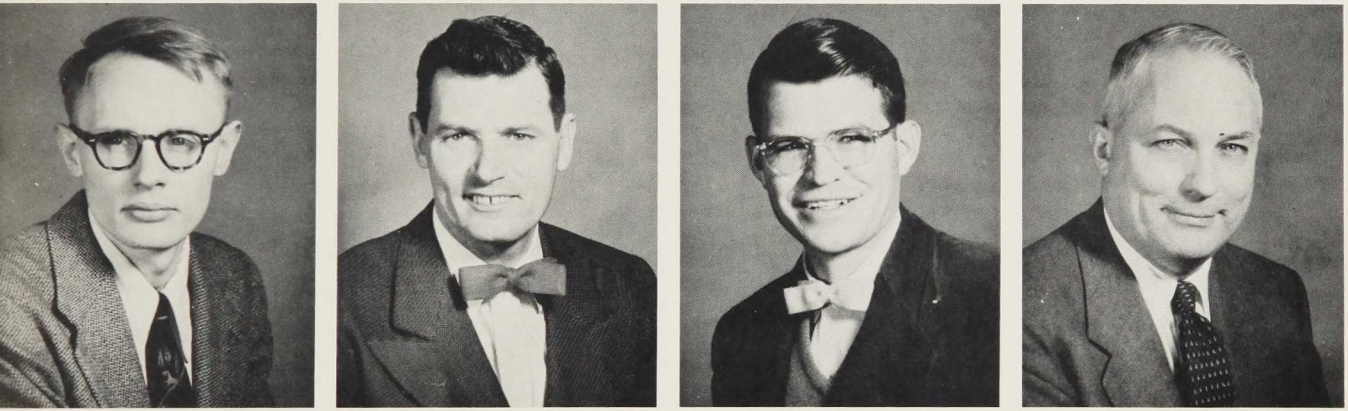
We have taken every reasonable measure to assure that your diploma represents a high scholarly achievement. You have acquired credentials deserving of academic respect. We know, however, that you have comprehended at Bloomfield much that has not been taught here, and that will unfold within yourselves only in the years to come.

With parental-like emotion we join the right hand of this class with the right hand of that alumni body of many past student generations. We rejoice in the youthful vigor and strength which you will add to that of near-contemporary graduates of this college, and which will confront the only important test which higher learning may face. That test is steadfast personal competence and social service.

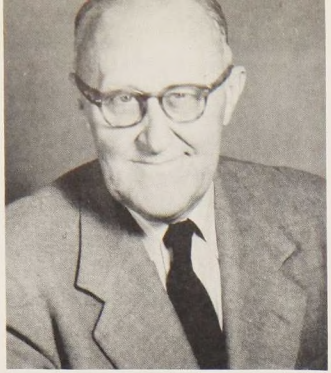
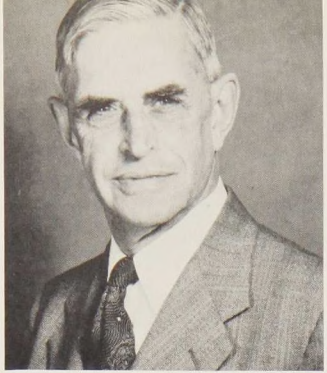
We know that the class of 1956 has all the capacity for achievement which has added the laurels of the world to our own recognition of earlier classes. We are confident that in the reflected honor of your lives we will bid bright farewell to many a future class.

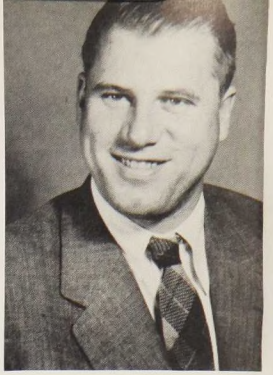
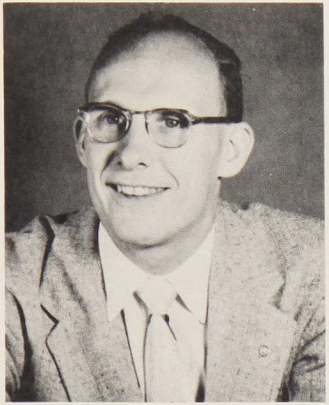
Ralph N. Calkins

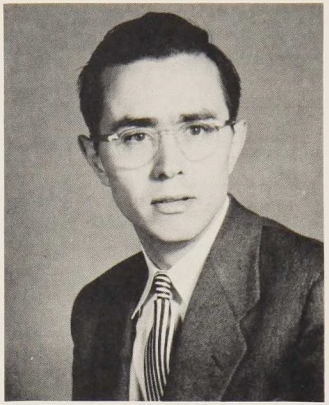
Faculty

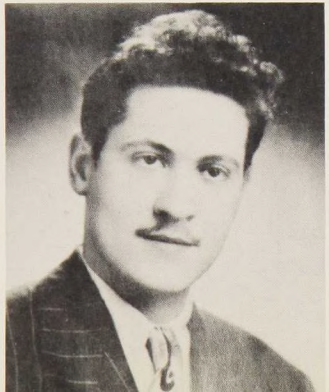


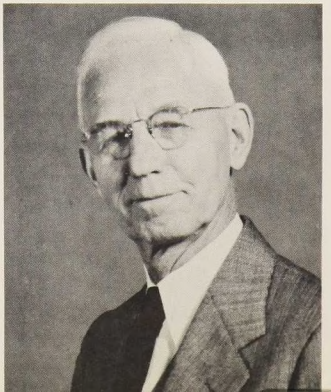
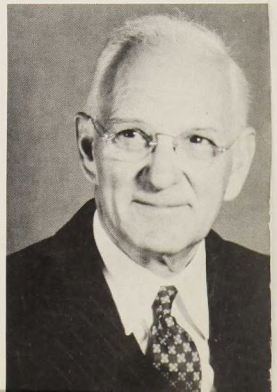
Faculty





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